

Absterjæ Lacrymæ.

THE
Poet Buffoon'd :
OR, A
VINDICATION
OF THE
Unfortunate Ladies,
FROM THE
Sawcy REFLECTIONS,
In a Late
Doggrel Satyr,

Against the
Famous LOTTERY in *Freemans-Yard.*
BY A
Club of the *Fair Sex* for that purpose assembled.

Veniunt a dote Sagittæ.

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Poor Burdond :

INDICATION

General & Advice

Small & EFFECTIONS

Dogetch & Day

The Poet Buffoon D. &c.

AT a late *Lotteries* Decision,
 Among the gaping Crowds Division,
 Much like the Losers and the Winners,
 One Smiler and two hundred Grinners ;
 A Brother of the Quill of Goose,
 Made bold to let some Doggrels loose ;
 In paltry Rhime to make a Sally,
 And the fair Feminine Vent'ers rally.
 This harmless Gall in Ink thus blended,
 So much incens'd the fair offended,
 That strait a *Common Council* call'd,
 To have the sawcy Scribler maull'd ;
 This weighty Cause and high Pretension,
 The Summons to this Great Convention ;
 Th' whole Tribe, Wife, Widow, Virgin, Miss,
 All met to dip their Rods in Piss ;
 Together flockt for Storm like *Porpus*,
 Or *Bacchanals* for flogging *Orpheus* ;
 Bloodier than *Pilgrims* from *Iago* :
 And thus first spoke a fair *Virago* :

Ladies, when first we did convene,
 In Dreams of Gold, 'twas that sweet Scene,
 When tickling Hopes swell'd high as Bumper,
 For three fair thousand Pounds ; a Lumper,
 In one soft Hand, enough to move
 The whole Machines of Life and Love.

B

Love

Love, did I say ! and Reason good :
 'Tis the great End of Flesh and Blood.
 Altho' we long for Procreation,
 'Tis not for the empty Titillation,
 But for th' Service of the Nation ;
 In loyal Truth and hearty Zeal,
 For building Props for Common-weal !
 Do we not see the sad Fatality,
 Of Yon-side Herring-ponds Mortality !
 And, therefore, 'tis we want the Joys
 Of Love, for raising thumping Boys,
 To make Recruits of young Commanders,
 And rear a Nursery for *Flanders*.
 If Fortune smiles, I know not why,
 But such a simple Girl as I,
 May nurse up Heroes from my Veins,
 The Mother of some young *Lorrains*.
 And shall a whiffing, scribbling Cur,
 Make all this snappish Noise and Stir :
 Because at Fortune's Shrine devoutly,
 We paid our Orisons so stoutly
 For the *Great Prize*, for Golden Darts,
 Loves surest Shafts for wounding Hearts.
 We'd have the barking Doggrel Poet,
 And the whole snarling World to know it ;
 In our warm Zeal Loves Joys to crown,
 We lay this glorious Maxim down.
 The Itch lies not in tickling Placket,
 But in the jerking *Monsieur's* Jacket.

A City Matron stood up next,
 And thus held forth on the same Text.
 Madam, said she, to your Applause,
 You've play'd the Champion of our Cause.
 But Curs will bite: The Fop so witty,
 Made some Flirts too against the City:
 Told me, I pray'd t'have great Prize drawn,
 To keep a Spark of Nerve and Brawn,
 To help my spiny Breed. Oh ho!
 My dogrel Rhimer, do I so!
 Does the dull *Grubstreet* Bard, poor Sot,
 Think that small Trip a *Cheapside* Plot!
 Can the false Cry he makes so much on,
 Lay any bar on my fair Scutcheon?
 I'd have him know, to bauk his Nonsense,
 I play the *Dalilah* with a Conscience.
 At *Burg---s* Lecture turn up white
 Ith' Morn; and kifs my Spark at Night.
 To graft my crested Husband's Horn,
 Out of vile Wantonnefs I scorn,
 Lewdnefs that crying Sin in fashion,
 Was always my Abomination.
 Ah no! to blow my blooming Rose,
 I twine my Arms and spread my Toes,
 Ith' hearty fear of Heav'n, G---- knows.
 Ah, Madam, did you know my Grief
 And crying Wants that call Relief;
 With weeping Eyes I sadly sing
 My Limberham at home, poor Thing,
 Is that dull Drone without a Sting.

'Tis therefore, that I keep a Gallant,
 Because I wou'd not hide my Talent.
 Can Have and Hold, for Worfe or Better,
 Of Canon-Law, the formal Letter,
 Be fuch a difmal Yoke and Fetter,
 T' oblige us without Senfe and Reason,
 'Gainst foveraign Nature t'act that Treason,
 As to let flip our teeming Season?
 Goodnefs forbid-----In fuch a Cafe,
 We weak backfliding Babes of Grace,
 Thofe fmall Allowance-grains may give;
 For every thing you know wou'd live.
 Or if a Sin, 'tis none of ours,
 It lies all at our Fumblers doors:
 And let them look to their Damnation:
 Enough we feek our own Salvation;
 Sport at our innocent Lamb-play,
 And choofe to Heav'n the sweeteft way.
 If they want Lurchers for our Warren,
 The Game abroad is not fo barren;
 Nor we fuch Fools, for Reasons twenty,
 To freeze in Summer, ftarve in Plenty.

Madam, another Dame replied,
 Your Cause you've amply juftified:
 I have a Husband, none oth' beft too,
 And graft him juft the felf-fame Crest too.
 Not that I've your high Charge to lay;
 Mine, true, is Man enough that way.
 Has Youth, Wit, Humour, Shape and Size,
 So lovely in the Female Eyes.

But

But his great Fault not to dissemble,
His Heart's no bigger than my Thimble :
And for that Cause I fork his Poll ;
For I hate Cravens from my Soul.

Hold, Madam, cry'd her Left-hand Mate,
You run on at too brisk a Rate.

'Tis fit we seriously dispute,
Consider first, 'ere we cornute.

For Cuckoldom and its Appurt'nance,
Are things of Weight and of Importance.
Brow-Antlers, not like Mushroom shoots,
Should spring up from substantial Roots.
And by our common Crabstock Laws,
Should not be grafted without Cause.
Before Spouse-rid in Cuckolds Haven,
Had you good Proofs he was a Craven ?

Good Proofs ! replied the angry Dame ;
Ah Madam, urge no more my shame :
For oh ! to talk my Wrongs yet lowder ;
Yes, I have Witnesses with a Powder.
To make his Craven-breed plain out,
Beyond the shadow of a Doubt ;
He was, in short, a Member loyal,
Of the disbanded Reg---t R-----.

When the young Dames had past their Votes,
And all chirp'd Love in several Notes ;
At last the toothless Beldam grumbled,
And thus her Indignation mumbled.
Your rascal Rhimer with his Jeers,
Paid no more Reverence to my Years :

But

But said, I pray'd for the great Sum,
 To buy new Coral for old Gum.
 Young Sauce, what then? Is't harm to pray for't,
 Or get a Play-thing when we pay for't?
 What tho' with Charity we borrow,
 Our Copulation-Feats t'our Sorrow,
 Lay no Foundation for to Morrow?
 As out oth' Verge of Propagation;
 Love has no Superanuation.
 The Female Season's never past:
 Our dancing Days hold out toth' last.

Here a whole general *Hum* went round,
 T'applaud the *Beldam's* Sense profound;
 Her Wisdom, Politicks and Gravity,
 Had reacht the depth oth' whole Concavity.
 Dull Men, our Sex so far unlike,
 We have Steels when they've no Flints to strike.

When several long Disputes had past,
 It came toth' *Grand Resolve* at last;
 After a Mess of Chat most plenty,
 T' a *Nemine Contradicente*,
 That in th' Inclosure Wedlock Grange,
 Or Cuckoldoms more open Range,
 The Vein of Loves soft Titillation,
 Was the great Work of their Creation.
 Besides, 'twas the whole Courts Opinion,
 That *Love* is perfectly *Dominion*,
 And as in every other Throne,
 Whether by *Twenty* fill'd or *One*;

A single foveraign Hand it be,
 That steers our manag'd Helm a Lee ;
 Or a whole Brotherhood Common-weal,
 Sit forty Stamps t'our one broad Seal.
 That's as our Constitutions bear,
 Or our Love's Throne has room to spare.
 Reign long, short ; Spouse in peace or strife,
 With drudging Scepter for whole Life ;
 Or a more short Reign-power in play,
 Set up High-Steward for a day :
 Whatever to our Seat we list,
 Prerogative in Love's but Gift ;
 Husband or Gallant, either way,
De facto or *De jure* sway :
 All challenge equal Claim divine,
 Or in, or out of the right Line.

The Settlement of Love thus stated,
 And the whole amorous Cause debated ;
 What has the scribbling Fop pull'd down,
 From their most dreadful too just Frown ?
 Audacious Snarler as to dare,
 Thus boldly ridicule the Fair ;
 For no more Fault, but bending Knee,
 To *Cupid's* Sister-Deity ;
 Fortune the blind and the adored,
 Perhaps with too warm Zeal implored ;
 That verial Feminine Bigottry,
 To draw the lumping Prize in Lottery ;
 Only soft Talent to improve,
 And lay't out all in hearty Love.

D

But

But now to come toth' dismal Chapter,
 His Penance for Poetick Rapture ;
 Some hearty Pray'rs were backwards read,
 To pour down Vengeance on his Head.
 First, if to Grace, from Feminine Gender,
 This Doggrel-monger's a Pretender ;
 May ev'n his best Heroicks Parrat,
 Only to dirty Drab in Garrat.
 Hanging's a doom, too soft, to choofe him ;
 No let the Knot of Wedlock noose him :
 Tie him to some hot-blooded Scamper,
 Her Veins all Merc'ry, his all Camphire ;
 As shall his towring Freat bedight,
 The monumental Mum-glass height.
 To this House-plague in Twin-conjunction,
 The common Curse oth' Thread-bare Function :
 May the *Pernassus* hungry Delver,
 Ne're dig up even a Rhime to Silver.
 Livings and Lands be more unknown,
 Then the North-point oth' frozen Zone.
 Not even one Foot in's own *Eutopia* ;
 But his whole Portion, *Cornucopia*.

The Poet damn'd with such dire Dudgeon,
 And left to swallow this hard Gudgeon ;
 Strait a new Cause was call'd : The Question
 Was here put round, with what Digestion,
 After their Longings and their Shortens,
 They bore their own to blank Misfortunes.

One Damsel op'd her Bosome frank,
 And swore that when her Lot ris blank,

It struck t'her Heart, so all oth' suddain,
As made her give the Crow a Pudding.

How, says her Neighbour, is that all !
I had a sadder Chance befall.

For, when sweet Expectation crost,
I saw my Hopes and Longings lost ;
It gave my Heart so sad a break,
I vow it made me spring a Leak.
I find my self in that strange taking ;
(Something's the Fault) that Sleep or Waking,
In spight of all my best Preventives,
I swear I've lost my whole Retentives.

Here a fair Maudlin that stood by,
Put Finger into lovely Eye.
Name not (she cry'd) your puny Loss,
Compared with my dire Weeping-Cross.
My Lots all blank and Hopes come short-all,
Not Dose of Savin half so mortal,
It struck me so, indeed it did ;
Alas, it made me drop a Kid.
Short of my time full three Months scantling,
Miscarried of the sweetest Bantling,
The fairest well-got thumping Boy,
The Fathers Hope and Mothers Joy.

A fair Companion by her side :
To this sad Story thus reply'd.
Madam, 'tis true, your Loss was grievous ;
But my hard Fortune's more mischievous.
Your Grief has lost one Boy, no more :
But mine will lose me half a score.

It sticks so close, that so beguil'd,
 I fear t'has my whole Teeming spoil'd.
 Of all Delights t'has so bereft me,
 The very sweets of Love has left me.
 'Tis true, I have Cock oth' Game (be't spoke
 T'his Glory) good as e're struck stroke.
 Yet when kind Spouse bestirs his Stumps,
 I meet him in such sad cold Dumps,
 From all my once soft Twines and Hug,
 I'm grown a perfect Drone and Slug ;
 For oh ! those hideous Sorrows seize me,
 That ev'n poor Play-thing cannot please me :
 I so bemoan me and bedole me,
 That not Benevolence can console me.

Here *Nan*, the Jolly Vintners Daughter,
 Burst out into a downright Laughter.
 Oh *Rome* ! (she cry'd) it is decreed,
 That Miracles are not ceas'd indeed.
 A Grief so mort, not taste Love's Joy !
 Woman so sick, as past the Toy !
 T' our Sexes Wonder and Confusion,
 I know not what's your Constitution.
 For my own Griefs, I'll boldly say,
 Mine workt the clean contrary way.
 No sooner came the doleful sound,
 I'd drawn in Blanks a whole five Pound,
 But to cheer up my drooping Head,
 I took our Drawer, *Frank*, to Bed.
 Forc'd a kind Cup of Love to borrow,
 To lighten Losses and drown Sorrow.

F I N I S.

